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"I AM ALIVE; PLEASE DON'T BURY ME!"

With These Words Hattie
Benedict Awoke from Her
Five Weeks' Sleep.

Tells of the Tortures She En-
dured While in Her Death-
Like Trance.

Conscious of All That Was Said and
Done in the Room, but Unable
to Move or Speak.

HER RESTORATION CAME SUDDENLY.

The Young Woman Constantly in Agony
Lest She Be Buried Alive—Physicians
Still Puzzled Over Her Re-
markable Case.

Lyons, N. Y., Feb. 9.—Miss Hattie Bened-
dict has at last awakened from her five
weeks of cataleptic sleep. Her story is in
deed a remarkable one.

To life for weeks as one dead, to be sen-
sible of what is taking place about you, to
be utterly deprived of voice, hearing and
muscular action, to be in constant terror
of being entombed alive, is perhaps one
of the most dreadful and agonizing ex-
periences that can befall a human being.
Such, however, has been the condition of
Miss Benedict. Four months ago this
young woman fell into a comatose state,
which continued almost unintermittently for
over five weeks. Then a period of five
weeks ensued during which the young lady
was in a semi-cataleptic condition. On the
12th of last month she again lapsed into
a state of complete coma, from which
she became conscious for the first time
last Wednesday noon.

PECULIARLY AFFLICTED.

The young woman is a daughter of Eliza
Benedict, a wealthy and well-known farmer
residing near the village of Marquette, a
small hamlet six miles southeast of this
village. Miss Benedict is nineteen years
of age. When the first trance condition
appeared it crept gradually over her with-
out any apparent cause. Sitting in a chair
or busied about the house, she suddenly be-
came aware of a growing feeling of drowsi-
ness, and then gradually lapsed into a semi-
comatose state. And though, as she after-
wards related, in the seeming full posses-
sion of her intellectual faculties, she was
utterly without the power to move or stir
a single muscle. Her restoration was al-
ways sudden and complete. The awaken-
ings were attended by cold sweats.

SHE PARTIALLY AWOKES.

On November 14, 1895, she partially
awoke from her trance. Then followed
nearly five weeks during which the young
lady remained in what may be termed a
semi-cataleptic state, characterized by fre-
quent intervals of complete consciousness.
The distinguishing features of the mysteri-
ous condition were that the young woman
became suddenly motionless; the body and
limbs flexible, the action of the heart and
lungs easily perceptible and yet external
objects made little or no impression on her
senses.

The trance from which Miss Benedict
suffered until Wednesday last came upon
her almost instantly and without a mo-
ment's warning Sunday morning, January
12. She was reclining upon a sofa in the
sitting room when she complained of a
feeling of faintness and had scarcely spoken
the words when she fell into a deep
sleep. Her mother hurried to her side,
and finding her numb, stiff and chilly, her
limbs drawn up, placed her upon the floor
and straightened her extremities. The
attending physician, lest the deathlike rigidity
that had characterized her preceding
trances should stiffen her limbs in an un-
natural position. The young woman was
then carried to her room, where she con-
tinued in a deathlike stupor until Wednes-
day noon. When the attending physician,
Dr. F. A. Hubbell, arrived he found the
patient pale and white as marble; the ex-
tremities stiff and cold as in death; the
eyes, which were dull and fixed, turned up-
ward and inward. There were no indica-
tions of physical warmth, no pulsation at
the wrists, and, with the exception of a
faint, irregular action of the heart, the un-
fortunate young woman, not only present-
ed every appearance of a dead person, but
there was an apparent cessation of all the
functions of vitality.

Everything that the skill and ingenuity
of physicians could suggest was done to
restore consciousness. She was pinched
about the limbs and body, her hair was
clipped close about the head, her body
cupped and blistered and powerful medi-
cines given, but all to no purpose. Even
the shower bath and electricity were used
without effect.

THOUGHT IT WAS DEATH.

Saturday morning, February 1, shortly
after a galvanic battery had been used on
the head an entire cessation of the motion
of the heart, together with that of every
other vital function seemed to take place.
Even the most careful examination and dis-
section failed to detect the slightest opera-
tion of the heart or lungs. In this condi-
tion she continued until last Wednesday
noon, and those in attendance seriously
believed that the girl was dead. During
the morning of that day the doctor resorted
to the experiment of holding a mirror near
her lips to ascertain if there was the slight-
est indication of respiration, and was over-
joyed to find that a slight film of moisture
could be observed on the glass. At length
a slight quivering of the eyelids was notice-
able, and immediately thereafter a shock
of terror shook the attenuated body of the
girl. A cold sweat followed, and the doctor
of her thoughts were plainly depicted on
her face as she exclaimed in an almost
inadmissible voice:

"I am alive. Please don't bury me."

The trance has left Miss Benedict in a
very weak condition, and she is scarcely
able to speak. The cause of her singular
disease is a mystery. A local physician
who is familiar with the case thinks it prob-
able that it is due to a constitutional defect
prevalent in her family. During her in-

fancy the young lady suffered from scar-
letina poisoning. When she was eleven
years of age she was subject to violent at-
tacks of epilepsy of such severity that
cauterization produced no effect during the
paroxysms. These attacks continued until
the present trances commenced.

Dr. Hubbell confesses that he is totally
at a loss to account either for the im-
mediate or predisposing causes of the ail-
ment. Its changes seem to be chiefly in its
intensity, that is, as to one trance and
another. These trances, he says, are not
to be compared with cases of prolonged
sleep among hysterical women, which sel-
dom last over seven days. The attacks
have some similarity to those of cataplexy,
but differ from that disease in that the
joints of the limbs are not flexible and that
the suspension of the intellectual faculties
is not complete, as he had learned from his
patient in her intervals of wakefulness. It
differs also from what is usually called
sommolence in the respect that the eyes
are not closed, that often neither respira-
tion nor beating of the pulse is to be de-
tected. Her recovery from each trance
leaves her weaker, thinner and less capable
of endurance than before.

MYSTERIOUS INSANE MAN.

Wilson, or Thurber, Nearly Poisoned Him-
self Saturday Night and Ran Wild
in the Street Last Night.

The tenants at No. 36 East Twenty-third
street have been annoyed for the past few
weeks by the vagaries of a young man
who lodged with Mrs. E. C. True, who
has the rear portion of the fourth floor.
When the tenants grumbled, Mrs. True
told them that the young man was ill, but
that if he did any damage he was well
able to pay for it.

He was very noisy Saturday afternoon,
and late that night two physicians were
called in to attend him. He had taken
fifteen grains of opium and only stringent
methods saved his life. For more than
twelve hours the doctors walked him up
and down the hallway, to the great dis-
comfiture of the other tenants. Then the
physicians pronounced him out of danger
and put him to bed.

Shortly after 7 o'clock last night he ran
out of the house into Madison square shout-
ing as if insane. Mrs. True followed him,
calling for the police. A Black Policeman
King responded and she told him the man
was insane and would do some injury
unless stopped. King caught the man after
a short chase, and he was taken to Belle-
vue Hospital.

There the man gave his name as John
Wilson, and his home as No. 36 East Twen-
ty-third street. Then he changed his mind
and asserted that he was Edmund Thurber,
of No. 51 East Twenty-sixth street, and his
occupation "a gentleman." Mrs. True
accompanied him to the hospital.

His private physician, who would not
give his name, called at the hospital later
in the evening and had a conference with
the house surgeon, when the case was di-
agnosed as hysteria.

Mrs. True last night denied that she
knew the man or that she had been to the
hospital to see him.

Among the man's effects were found a
bank and check book on the Union Square
Bank, showing a considerable deposit in
the name of Edmund G. Thurber. He is
a late looking man, about six feet in height,
with curly black hair and mustache.

BIG BILL'S ICY BATH.

In Eagerness to Get to His Stable, a Horse
Walks Overboard, and Is Rescued
by a Bluecoat.

"Bill," a big bay horse belonging to
Hecker, Jones & Jewell, four dealers, of
Broome and Lewis streets, was cold and
wet and tired, on the dock at the foot of
Broome street after midnight Saturday.
While Peter Callaghan, the driver, was
securing his wagon, "Bill," in his eagerness
to reach the stable, walked overboard.

He sank with a splash among the ice
cakes at the foot of the pier, but at length
found a foothold among the piles at the
foot. Policeman Thomas Campbell, of the
Delancey Street Station, finally appeared.
He got a rope, and climbing down under
the pier and feeling his hands on "Bill's"
back, attempted to fasten it around his
neck. "Bill," understanding his well-
meant efforts, raised his head suddenly
and threw Campbell into the water.

Campbell came up, puffing and splatter-
ing, and after a while succeeded in climb-
ing on the animal's back, while several
street cleaners held on to "Bill's" ears
and mane.

In the meantime Joe Maher, the watch-
man on the pier, had secured a boat and
rowed around to the dock. A horse was
slipped, and "Bill's" neck and he was
towed behind the boat and rescued.

FELL DEAD IN THE ROAD.

Miss Margaret Langton, of New Dorp, Sud-
denly Stricken on Her Way Home
from Church.

Miss Margaret J. Langton, the sixteen-
year-old daughter of John Langton, keeper
of the Elm Tree Lighthouse, at New Dorp,
S. I., dropped dead on Richmond road while
returning from church yesterday morning.

Miss Langton and her mother were de-
voted attendants at St. Patrick's Catholic
Church, at Richmond. When returning
from mass at noon Miss Langton became
fatigued from her walk in the storm and
asked her mother to rest a minute. Mrs.
Langton was talking to her daughter when
the young woman gave a groan and fell
to the ground.

She was assisted by several passers-by and
carried into the residence of Dr. Isaac Mills-
baugh, where all efforts to resuscitate the
young woman failed, and she died in a few
minutes.

AN UMBRELLA MAY KILL.

Mrs. Rink Thrashes Her Husband in the
Street with That Article and
He May Die.

Mrs. Annie Rink was arrested in Pater-
son, N. J., and committed to await the re-
sult of injuries she is alleged to have in-
flicted upon her husband.

Mrs. Rink saw her husband on Thursday
on Main street, she says, walking with an-
other woman. She proceeded to thrash
him with her umbrella. Little was thought
of the case at the time, but it now ap-
pears she was a broken rib in the um-
brella and the end of it pierced the skull
of the man and entered his brain.
The husband is now in the General Hos-
pital and the doctors there say he may die.
He is unconscious and has not made any
statement.

SCHLATTER IN A CHAIN GANG.

"The Healer" Arrested for
Vagrancy in a Little Cali-
fornia Town.

He Is Set to Work Breaking
Rocks in Company With
Manacled Tramps.

Declares His Name to Be Elijah and
That He Is Doing Penance
for Shortcomings.

A MAN OF VERY MANY SORROWS.

When Asked What His Future Movements
Would Be, He Replied That He
Would Go Wherever He Might
Be "Called."

It was in October, 1893, that the remarkable
man, Francis Schlatter, who afterward became
so well known as "Schlatter the Healer," first
came into notoriety at Denver. He claimed to
possess the power of healing by the laying on
of hands, and at times he even went further,
and made pretensions to being a reincarnated
Messiah. The story of his cures closely touched
the marvellous. Throngs of sick folk crowded
around the house of a Mr. Fox, where Schlatter
took up his abode, and the reports of alleged
cures ran far into the thousands. His healing
power was said to be so great that it extended
even to handkerchiefs and other objects which
he touched.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the
Schlatter visitation was his refusal to accept
rewards of any kind, although gifts which would
have made him rich were pressed upon him.

On the night of November 13 Schlatter mys-
teriously disappeared, leaving behind him a note
saying that he had been "called by the Father."
Although reported as having been seen in various
localities by the searchers who went out after
him, it was not until he confessed his identity to
a newspaper man in a small town of New
Mexico that anything definite was known as to his
whereabouts. The next day he was seen riding
westward astride of a white mule, and again
there was a period of complete disappearance,
which has just been broken in the astonishing
way told in the following dispatch.

San Bernardino, Cal., Feb. 9.—Schlatter,
the "Healer," the lowly Denver oobbler
who cured the lame, halt and blind of
their ailments, who was daily beset by
thousands of suffering mortals anx-
ious to secure release of their ills, and who,
several months ago, mysteriously disap-
peared from Mountaintown, N. M., is an
inmate of the San Bernardino jail and a
member of the local chain gang.

The man who is declared to be none
other than this performer of miracles was
picked up in Redlands yesterday morning
by a constable who arrested him for va-
grancy. When brought before the Justice
and asked his name, he answered: "Call
me Elijah," and since that reply was given
he answers all questions as to his identity
with a sorrowful glance and will not speak
of himself.

He was brought to this city Friday night,
lodged in jail in a cell full of tramps and
vagrants, and this morning was one of the
first in the chain gang which marched from
the jail to the stockade.

The instant he appeared on the street a
score of people were struck with the re-
semblance to the published pictures of
Schlatter. His features are of German
mould and his complexion is quite fair,
except that it shows the effect of ex-
posure; his beard is not thick, but is worn
in the style which is shown in the
masters' pictures of Christ, while his heavy
growth of nut-brown hair flows to his
shoulders matted and unkempt.

"I do penance," said he to Overseer
Hooking at the rock pile, yesterday morn-
ing, when the scene of operations had been
reached, and, seizing a hammer, he sepa-
rated himself from the other prisoners and
worked like a man whose life depended
upon the amount he accomplished. Not a
word would he utter except when spoken to
by the overseer, to whom he was obedi-
ent. All day long the coarse jests of the
other members of the gang did not bring
from him the least remonstrance.

During the day the overseer became in-
terested in the man, and, remembering that
Schlatter had been seen riding on a white
mule, asked him what had become of the
animal, to which the stranger replied that he
had lost it in the desert, near Yuma.

"And where are you going from here?"
asked the overseer.

"I know not," replied the man. "Perhaps
to the South, perhaps to the West—which
ever way I may be called."
At 3 o'clock the prisoners were brought
back from the rock pile to jail, and as soon
as they arrived Schlatter retired to a cell
in his cell, while the others were allowed
the freedom of the corridors. He kept as
far away from them as possible and
seemed to be lost in meditation.

When a correspondent called at jail to see
him to-day the Jailer went to the door of
the cell and was compelled to call several
times before the man would leave his cot.
To all questions his only answer was a
look from a face that was troubled and a
glance that seemed full of sorrowful mean-
ing. He could not be induced to speak and
slipped back to his cot in the darkness.

An effort will be made to-morrow to get
the prisoner to write to the Sheriff asking
for his release.
Not excelled by any high-priced haintment, Sal-
vation Oil, twenty-five cents a bottle.



"SCHLATTER THE HEALER."

After a remarkable career as a savior of the sick, and a sensational disappearance, he has made a still more astonishing
reappearance as an arrested vagrant in a California town, where he has been set to work as a member of the chain-gang.

OPEN WAR AGAINST JOHN C. SHEEHAN NOW

John Reilly Voiced the Senti-
ments of Many Tam-
many Men.

His Question at the Hotel Savoy
Banquet Brought the Trouble
to Light.

Henry D. Purroy Admits That There
Is "Some Little Dissatisfac-
tion" with Sheehan.

CROKER MAKES LIGHT OF THE AFFAIR

"Honest" John's Enmity of Long Standing
and the Factional Fight Is Well Begun.

The Ex-Commissioner Backed
by Croker.

There has nothing happened in years that
created more of a stir in Tammany circles
than the question asked by Honest John
Reilly of Richard Croker at the Hotel
Savoy dinner on Saturday night in refer-
ence to the elevation of John C. Sheehan
to the leadership.

It has been known for some time that a
storm was brewing in the wigwam over
Sheehan's selection, but no one imagined
that it would break out at such a time.
The Tigers talked of it yesterday among
themselves, but to outsiders they pre-
tended that it was merely an incident, and
did not amount to anything. This, however,
is not the case, and it is not likely that
the matter will be permitted to drop.

HONEST JOHN "SAYS THESE THINGS."

Mr. Croker was seen yesterday after-
noon at his home, No. 5 East Seventy-
fourth street, and asked about the mat-
ter. The Tammany chieftain reflected for
a few minutes, and then slowly said:

"Oh, that did not amount to anything.
Everything was harmonious and there was
plenty of good feeling on every side. John
is a good fellow, and he was a good
leader. He says those things once in a
while."

"Don't you think his question indicated
that there were men in the organization
that would like to see Sheehan deposed?"
Mr. Croker was asked.

"No-o, I don't think it did."
In reply to another question he said he
did not think the jealousy of Mr. Sheehan
upon the part of some of the leaders arose
from the fact that he had only been a
resident of the city for a few years. Mr.
Croker would say nothing further, save
that he was greatly pleased with the ban-
quet. He has not made up his mind as to
whether he will go or stay.

To get at the causes that led Reilly to
personally attack Sheehan it is necessary
to go back to last summer, when it was
proposed to elect Sheehan chairman of the

Committee on Organization in place of
Henry D. Purroy. This programme had
been decided upon, but at the last minute
it was seen that the Purroy, Gilroy and
Martin factions would oppose Sheehan, and
he was withdrawn and Purroy re-elected.

SHEEHAN'S APPOINTMENT.
Later, after Croker's return from Eng-
land, Sheehan was made chairman of the
Finance Committee, a position that has
always carried the leadership with it. At
that time Reilly declared he would never
recognize Sheehan as leader, and he never
did.

The trouble between Reilly and Sheehan
is of long standing. Several years ago
Reilly wanted to be made a Police Com-
missioner, and was promised the place by
Croker. At that time William F. Sheehan
was Lieutenant-Governor and one of the
State leaders. For political purposes it was
deemed wise to set Reilly aside and ap-
point Sheehan. Reilly never forgot this, and
has never forgiven the Sheehans.

At the recent primaries Reilly retired
from the Executive Committee in favor of
Alderman John T. Oakley. He has always
claimed that Sheehan had no right to his
position, as he had never been voted upon
by the Executive Committee.

RITTER FACTIONAL FIGHT.
There is a bitter factional fight in the
Wigwam. This has been evident for some
time, and it will never be settled unless
Sheehan is retired. Purroy, Gilroy, Grant
and Martin are jealous of Sheehan, but are
at the same time loyal to Croker, and it is
the latter's influence that has prevented
an open breach before this. Now that an
open breach has come, it is a difficult mat-
ter to say what the result will be.

Sheehan was given his present place by
Croker and is backed by his brother, Wil-
liam F. Sheehan; Anthony Brady, of Troy;
United States Senator Edward Murphy, and
Croker, most of whom are largely interest-
ed in the Union Railway Company. He
was selected by Croker because he could
be deposed at any time, as he has no local
following. It being doubtful if he could
carry his own Assembly District in case of
a contest. It has been understood that he
is simply Croker's representative and has
no power in the organization.

Reilly left his home early yesterday morn-
ing and had not returned at a late hour last
night. He could not be found in any of his
usual haunts.
"SOME LITTLE DISSATISFACTION."
When County Clerk Henry D. Purroy was
asked yesterday about the interruption of
Mr. Croker's speech, he said that he did
not think the little disturbance should be
taken as an indication of any great dissen-
timent among the leading men of Tammany
Hall.

"The truth is that there is a strong feel-
ing among the members of Tammany Hall
against Mr. Croker retiring from active
work in the organization. Some of the
members don't want to see anybody else
in his place. This has caused some little
dissatisfaction. But that little interruption
last night did not amount to anything."

Mr. Croker is not really out of the affairs
of Tammany Hall and will be as long as
he is able to take a hand in her fights.
His speech last night, as I construe it,
meant that while he had retired from
active work as a leader in the organiza-
tion, he was still ready to give his ad-
vice and assistance whenever called upon to
do so. Not only this, but he will keep
an eye on the workings of the organiza-
tion, and whenever he considers that his
experience and knowledge of politics would
be valuable to the organization he will
ever forward unasked and render what-
ever assistance he can."

TRIED TO HANG PIERCE IN EFFIGY.

Authorities Prevent a Hos-
tile Public Demon-
stration.

Special Policemen Patrol the
Streets of White Plains
All Night.

Former Inmates of the Westchester
Temporary Home Back
of the Plot.

THE HEARING MAY BE TRANSFERRED.

Referee Guernsey Would Conclude the
Taking of Testimony in Brooklyn
Should There Be an Outbreak.
Indignation Against Pierce.

The village of White Plains was in a con-
dition of high excitement last night at
about the time the villagers usually go to
bed. Groups of people were gathered on
the corners of Railroad avenue and around
the court house talking in undertones
about some secret portending event.

It was learned at 10 o'clock that an
eddy of Superintendent James W. Pierce,
of the Westchester Temporary Home for
Destitute Children, had been made and was
to be hung on the cross-arm of a telephone
pole on the main street, opposite the
court house.

The project reached the ears of Sheriff
Johnson, at Portchester, before it was
executed, and Deputy Sheriff Verplanck,
of White Plains, was at once instructed by
telephone to prevent it. Several citizens
were authorized to act as special officers,
and the principal streets of the village were
patrolled all night.

The indignation against Pierce is at
fever heat. The investigation has brought
a good many young men, who were form-
erly inmates of the Home to White Plains,
and it is supposed that some of them are
the principal movers in the attempt to
hang their former master in effigy.

There is a numerous class in the county
who talk loudly of taking justice into their
own hands in Pierce's case, some of
whom may be identified with the episode
of last night. The majority of the people
of the village are very much opposed to
any public demonstration of hostility
against Pierce. They believe that the in-
quiry before Referee Guernsey is being
impartially conducted and that it will re-
sult in a conclusive arraignment of Pierce
in the referee's report to the Supreme
Court.

The Grand Jury will also be asked to con-
sider his case, and it is believed will indict
him on several counts. It is probable that
Judge Guernsey will adjourn the inquiry
in the Pierce case to Brooklyn in the event
of any act of public hostility to Pierce.

YOUNG HANNIGAN DIED IN THE SHAFT.

David's Youngest Brother
Michael Plunged to Death
from the Roof.

Another Tragedy Has Been Ad-
ded to That Unfortunate
Family's Long List.

News of the Latest Disaster Care-
fully Kept from the Blind Mother
and from David.

HIS YOUNG WIFE'S LONELY VIGIL.

Noise of the Men Who Found the Body
Aroused Her—Michael Had Tried to
Get Home Through the Ad-
joining House.

Michael Hannigan was found dead yester-
day at the bottom of an airshaft, between
the tenement houses at Nos. 507 and 509
West Fifty-second street. He had lain
there through all the storm of Saturday
night, while his young wife sat almost in
sight of the place, hugging her two-weeks-
old babe to her breast and fearful concern-
ing the long absence of the husband and
father.

Michael was a brother of David F. Han-
nigan, who, to avenge the honor of his
dead sister, Loretta, shot and killed Solo-
mon H. Mann. David is now living with
his widowed mother, who is blind and al-
most on the verge of death.

No news of the new calamity that had be-
fallen them was taken to the home, at No.
103 West Fifty-fifth street, yesterday.
Friends said the shock would undoubtedly
kill Mrs. Hannigan, and would probably
send David back to the insane asylum,
from which he had only recently been set
free.

MICHAEL, A PLUMBER, TOO.

Michael was the youngest of the Hanni-
gan boys and, like his brother David, was
a plumber. He was a good looking, well
built man of about twenty-eight. About a
year ago he married Nellie Quinlan, who
was then about eighteen years old, and a
black-eyed girl, one of the prettiest in the
neighborhood of West Fifty-second street
and York avenue. The old folks did not
hear of the marriage for some time. The
young couple were not able at first to
have rooms of their own, and lived in West
Fifty-third street, with Mrs. Reilly, a
cousin of the wife.

Michael worked at times and was idle at
others. It seems that their life was not
pleasant sailing at all times. She was a
devoted wife, however, and if Michael
drank a little now and then she condoned
the fault, for an idle man must be worried
at times. Finally a few weeks ago they
secured rooms of their own within a stone's
throw of Mrs. Hannigan's brother's home,
whose home is at No. 413 West Fifty-third
street.

Things looked most promising, when Mi-
chael became ill again. Then, two weeks
ago, Baby Hannigan came. "Well, this
should bring us good luck," said Michael.
And the wife smiled proudly and hopefully.
The news came to them last week that
John Quinlan, the wife's father, was seri-
ously ill at his home, No. 507 West Fifty-
second street. Mrs. Hannigan went there
at once. Her visits had been infrequent
up to this time. She was her father's fa-
vorite child of the six which his first wife
bore him. Quinlan married again four
years ago, and none of his children made
their home with him.

He never recovered from his illness and
was buried on Friday last. Michael and
his wife stayed in the flat that night and
on Saturday noon Michael went out, not
saying whether he was going. As the day
wore on his wife became anxious and an
all night was in tears.

She sat in the kitchen with her babe,
and as it slept its little face was wet with
her tears. There is only one other family
on the third floor of the house in which the
Quinlans live, and these two families are
the sole occupants of the house.

The tenement adjoining No. 500, is
wholly vacant and in charge of Jacob
Hezevitch and his wife. They heard of
Hannigan's absence, but the janitor soon
ceased to wonder about it. He had seen
Hannigan around on the avenue, walking
unusually.

A NOISE IN THE AIR SHAFT.

Mrs. Hannigan was awake at midnight,
and when the rest of the household re-
tired she lay down on the lounge in the
kitchen. She said she did so that she
might hear her husband when he came in.
She was alone when morning dawned,
nor had sleep visited her eyes. She was
sitting there at midnight, when she heard
voices in the air shaft below, and she
raised the window and looked down. She
saw the janitor of the other house rais-
ing the body of a man that lay in the
snow.

"My God, it is Michael!" she cried.
The man looked up. "Has he on a blue
shirt and black tie?" she asked as she
leaned further out of the window.